

BROOKSVILLE.

SMITH-HAYNES

Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. T. W. Madison, in the presence of relatives and the neighbors, Rev. T. L. Sasser united in marriage Mrs. Alabama Haynes and Mr. J. E. Smith. After visiting among relatives and enjoying an entertainment in their honor Friday afternoon, given by the Country Club at the home of Mrs. Freeman, the happy couple departed for their future home in Covington, La. Their friends unite in wishing them long life and great happiness.

The morning of August 1 the stork made a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Tate, bringing them a fine son.

Mrs. E. H. Johnson and Miss Annie B. are home from their Texas trip.

Quite a party of ladies attended the Quarterly Meeting at New Bethel July 30th, Mrs. W. L. Duran of Columbus being among the number. She went in her official capacity to organize a Missionary society.

Mrs. G. W. Graham and children are visiting in Mobile.

Mrs. G. W. Cunningham and sons are in Iuka.

Miss Sabin of Winona, has been a recent guest at Mrs. T. S. Gay's.

Misses Alice and Dora Henderson, of West Point, are guests at Mrs. Dale Bell's at Deerbrook.

Mrs. Madison Deupree and children, of Meridian, are spending a while with Mrs. M. M. Deupree.

Misses Oliver and Bramlett, of Brookhaven, are with Mrs. T. L. Sasser for a while.

Miss Mertie Fox, of Louisville, Miss., is the guest of Mrs. B. M. Boggers.

Rev. T. L. Sasser is conducting a meeting near Ellisville.

Misses Mary Agnes Jacoway, Alice Calmes and Lucille Peterson spent last week with Miss Lucille Cunningham, at Bigbee Valley.

Dr. DeWitt Morgan and son, of Okolona, made a short visit to Mrs. J. M. Calmes this week.

Miss Maggie Franklin, of Muldon, arrived Wednesday to visit Miss Mary Henley.

Prof. Stubblefield and family have returned from their summer outing.

Mrs. A. S. J. Glenn and Mrs. Glover Wilkins are with relatives in Mashulaville.

Rev. J. J. Baird is at Lake Junaluska, N. C., attending the Bible conference. His family are with their home people in Greenwood.

Mrs. Daniel McLeod has spent the week with Mrs. Swallow, near Macon.

The Misses Wilburn, of Vaughn Miss., are spending a few days with Mrs. Stubblefield.

Miss Ellis, of Clarksdale, is the guest of Miss J. L. Calmes.

Miss Quarles, of Greenwood, and Miss Roberts, of Artesia, are visiting Miss Alice Calmes.

The Woman's Missionary society held a very interesting and profitable meeting at Mrs. W. A. Gray's Monday afternoon.

The U. D. C. met with Mrs. W. A. Nuckols Friday afternoon.

Music lovers enjoyed a treat Sunday evening, when, instead of that regular service at the Methodist church, a song service was given by members of the Choral club. Parts of the cantata, The Prince of Israel, were beautifully rendered, and other appropriate songs sung.

Mrs. S. M. Tate is having the pleasure of a visit from her mother, Mrs. Simpson, of Columbus.

Messrs. Forrest Allgood and Iva Dorroh, of Macon, were here on law business Thursday.

George Smith, a colored man, was tried Thursday for selling whiskey. He plead guilty and was fined \$100 and cost.

Legal View.

A Cleveland attorney took the Mediterranean trip a month ago. It was his first time across the water, and he stated on his return that he would have had a perfectly glorious time but for the silly questions asked him by customs officials. It was on the pier at New York that his woes came to a climax. The officer looked up in amazement. "Open your trunk, please," commanded the custom-house officer. "Have you anything in there but personal property?" he continued. "What do you mean by personal property?" countered the lawyer. "For heaven's sake, don't you know what personal property is?" "I thought I did," answered the attorney. "And I can assure you that there is no real estate in my trunk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Big Bud Tells of the Reunion.

To the Editor of the Beacon.

Last week we had a fine time at Shuqualak, Brooksville and Macon. The good people of these little cities and their vicinities had heard how handsomely the other places had entertained the candidates and their friends and what record-breaking crowds had visited all these places, so they were on their mettle, and fully realized that they had to put the "big pot in the little one," and right royally did they respond, and never were candidates better entertained or more bountifully fed; it makes me prouder than ever, if possible, of our country people when I realize to what trouble and expense they put themselves in to welcoming and entertaining the candidates.

No wonder many a poor candidate receives a jolt the morning after the election when he finds that he has not received as many votes as he expected, for all are so kind that he naturally takes it for granted that they all are going to vote for him.

And I am glad that our new citizens brought dinners, and contributed in every way to make the day one of pleasure. I heard of only one of my lady friends not going in, and she said "she would not give a single fried chicken for any of the candidates in the race. And your Big Bud was in the race, but Sallie said she was glad of it, for I had gotten to believe that everybody, and especially the ladies, loved me, and it was well enough for me to get a jolt like that occasionally."

Well, I didn't believe she meant it, and I am still believing that nearly all of the county loves me, for I love them, and will continue to love them, even if I don't lead the ticket on Tuesday. The Good Book says, "if you want friends you must show yourself friendly," and I am sure I have done this.

Well, a great many of the candidates will, of course, be defeated, and I am always sad after the election, even if I elected myself, for so many go down to defeat, and while the men themselves can stand it, their wives and children are terribly hurt, and they can not understand why their happy husband and father could not be elected.

The day of the last election, my grand children had all assembled at our house, and had put together a large tray pile to have a bon-fire, and when the first returns appeared, I was not head and they asked if they could not set it on fire, and I said, "Yes, for if you do not, maybe you will not have a chance to fire it at all." And what a disappointment it would have been to these little fellows who think their Pappy is the greatest man living. So here is heartfelt sympathy for the loved ones of the defeated candidate who ever he may be.

God bless the boys! The hardest task of all is deciding who you are to vote for, when all are your loyal friends, and I always regret that there is not a place for everyone. I have adopted Jim Madison's plan. When Jim was a candidate for the Legislature the last time, I was a candidate for sheriff, and I was a warm supporter of Jim's, and he told me he always divided his family vote between his friends, and of course, this was right. I always told the boys that they made a mistake in not electing me sheriff, and then Will would very likely have gone to preaching, for he told me while I was canvassing that he knew I would be elected, for he was praying for it, and mother told him that what he prayed for he would get, but I was defeated, and soon afterwards Sallie saw him going to bed without saying his prayers, and she said, "Willie, is it possible you have not said your prayers?" and Will said, "Yes, there is nothing in it. I prayed for Pappy to be elected, and he got beat, and I have quit it," and Sallie had to threaten to spank him before he again got devotional.

Sallie said Will's and her prayers were answered, for she prayed that if it were beat I should be elected, and it turned out it was not for the best, for I got a much better place, and she was satisfied it would not have suited me to arrest people and lock them up, so her faith was not shaken one bit.

I have been told by particular friends that I might name the two men to go with me, but I always said all are my friends and I can't do that. I have asked them not to single-shot me—make no trade—so that if elected I could feel that I was the choice of the people.

I have made no personal canvass, and when told by my friends not to say this or that, or to say what I was in favor of, I have invariably told these very things at the next speaking.

I really did not know how good people thought I was. I wanted Hardin to introduce me one time, for Hardin loves me so well that he would have done it to the Queen's taste, and no one would have been fooled by it, for they would have known that no one could have been that good, but I had gotten to be 70 years old, and would like to have had his high standard before me the balance of my life so that I could be a better man by trying to live up to it.

And dear old Miss Feb, she of the sharp tongue but kind heart, who has never seen the yellow flag of distress hung out but what she and hers were

there to give relief, and who has loved me since I was one of the boys of Macon; don't it seem strange that the good women all love the "baddest" boys the best, who said the "boys must have aggravated Emmet awful bad, as he never would have said what he did, and got mad at the boys instead of me," and sent me word not to let them make me do this again, for if they done things to make me mad, not to say anything, but to turn them over to her, and what she would do to them would be a plenty.

I find so many people who believe I am such a good man. I will try harder that ever to deserve this opinion, and I am glad that Dr. Purser has said that he knew these bad words did not come from my heart. His heart is so full of love for all that he could not help saying this. I am impulsive and say and do things that I ought not to do, but no one regrets them more than I, for although I am a Cumberland Presbyterian, whose tenets is perseverance of the Saints, I am a living example of the Methodist doctrine of falling from grace, for was sixty years old before I could get enough religion in the protracted meetings at dear old Ex-Prairie to last me through cotton-picking time, so when Sam Jones, Cumberland Presbyterian, and I helped so much once in a meeting after this that when I was taking up a collection for the preacher, my good friend, old Mr. Madison, said, "Emmet, here is \$10.00 for the preacher, and here is a dollar for yourself, you deserve this." And I want and gave this dollar to Pearson, and how I wish I had have said it, and framed it, just to show the boys that I had not always been bad.

By the time this reaches my readers, the die will be cast, and the victory won or lost, and whether I win or lose, I want to assure the good people of Noxubee county that it is all right with your Big Bud. You have already honored me far beyond my deserts, so in the language of Lord Byron, "Here's a health to thee, Tom More, A heart for any fate."

Good-bye,

Big Bud.

P. S.—The children have the bon-fire ready as they can't believe but what I will be elected in spite of what I say or do.

A Statesman Out of a Job.

Editor of Macon Beacon:

I told you that I would add a postscript to my letter after election; so here it is. I have had another Appomattox, but, like the first, in the language of Marce Robert, "I lost all save honor."

There was no soldier under Grant who did not think that all of Lee's veterans had stood squarely for their side, but in this last Appomattox the General on the other side (Bilbo) did not pass it down the line that I was his friend and would make a good Representative. There was never any doubt as to where I stood on any question, and in this race I said that I was willing to serve the people once more. But the majority thought best to relegate this old Confed to private life. And it is all right, for the good people of Noxubee county have honored me as they have few men, and Col. Lamar said that it was a failing of an old man that he would offer for office once too often. I have no regrets for making this race, and I am proud of my record, and have never allowed any one, however close he might be to me, to influence me to vote against my convictions, and have always voted for the measures I thought would inure to the benefit of the greatest number and stood for the right as I saw it.

As I said in the first part of my letter, written Monday morning before the election, men could stand defeat, but the women and children, my grand children, had their bonfire ready, but it still stands—a mute reminder that the majority of men don't know how to vote. And I am a stronger advocate of woman's suffrage than ever, for had the women the right to vote, there would have been no doubt of my election.

So I am content with my record and the result of the election; but while Sallie is one of the most religious women I ever saw, and is sanctified, if any one ever was, still she can't stand everything, and when they run over her old man like they did, she got a little wrothy and actually said her place was for sale.

Mr. Lewis, of the M. E. church, in a sermon in a Columbus, said if a man had only one good friend, he ought to be happy, and as I have 418 good male friends and 1175 good female friends in Noxubee county, I surely ought to be proud. So here's to old Noxubee. I fought for her in my youth, I love her in my old age, and when I pass over the river, I want my bones to lie forever among her good people. So, with malice towards none and love and charity for all, I am still your

Big Bud.

The telegraph says that Gen. MacKensen is investing Warsaw. The BEACON always was of the opinion that there never would be any real fighting until the Irish got there.

BILBO APPEARS TO LEAD THE FIELD

MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL APPEAL SAYS BILBO GETS SMALL MAJORITY.

CLOSE RACE IS CERTAIN

Election of Carter Over Russell Is Assured—Decision in Governor's Race May Rest on an Official Count.

Memphis.—Early on the morning of Aug. 5 the Commercial Appeal declared that from incomplete returns received from every county in Mississippi indications were that Lieut.-Gov. Bilbo would be elected governor in the first election by a majority between 1,000 and 2,000. This claim is based upon the following figures: Bilbo, 65,893; Rely, 42,539; Tally, 9,341; Quin, 6,340, and Stovall, 5,681. These figures give Bilbo's opposition a total vote of 63,991, which makes Bilbo's majority over all 1,902.

The Commercial Appeal says that the country boxes to be heard from may even increase Bilbo's lead. The statement ends with the declaration that the vote is so close that the question of a second primary may not be settled until the official count is made.

In the lieutenant-governor's race Bunyon Carter is declared to be elected over his opponent, Senator Lee Russell.

New Orleans Says Close.

New Orleans.—The Times-Picayune's estimate of the Mississippi primary election on the night of Aug. 4 was that Lieut.-Gov. Theodore G. Bilbo had recovered the leading position in the contest for the Democratic nomination for governor of Mississippi as the rural precincts began to be heard from late on the afternoon of Aug. 4.

This estimate is that a second primary is certain, as most of the strong Bilbo counties are reported, and the combined vote of the four opponents of the lieutenant-governor is amply sufficient to prevent a majority. It will take the official returns to finally determine whether Bilbo or Rely has run first.

The returns are ample to show that John R. Tally, H. M. Quin and P. S. Stovall will poll only about 15 per cent of the total vote.

Lightning Bolt Kills Woman.

Laurel.—A bolt of lightning struck and almost instantly killed Mrs. T. Gert, aged 53, at her home here while she was standing near the water pipe drawing water during a thunderstorm Aug. 4. A pair of glasses and several hairpins which she was at the time wearing were melted instantly and her head and face were burned in several places.

No one was in the room with Mrs. T. Gert at the time, and it was some minutes before the stricken woman was found. She died almost immediately.

The fatal bolt ran down an electric light cord, bursting the globe and socket into fragments and passing over the water pipe.

Tally Thanks Supporters.

Hattiesburg.—John R. Tally, defeated candidate for governor, following the announcement of the election results on Aug. 4, admitted his defeat and issued a statement to the voters of Mississippi.

Mr. Tally thanks his supporters for their interest in his candidacy. In answer to those who have requested that he make the race for governor four years hence, he states that it is too early to form a definite decision.

Rely Runs Well at Home.

Natchez.—Rely's home county gave him a handsome majority in the primary election of Aug. 3. The total vote shows the Adams County candidate received 945 votes, while four other candidates mustered only 198 votes.

The complete returns from Adams County are: Governor—Bilbo 148, Tally 2, Stovall 7, Rely, 945, Quin 29. For Lieutenant-Governor—Russell 218, Carter 747.

Bilbo Majority in Pearl River.

Poplarville.—It was impossible on Aug. 4 to give any definite results of the primary here, as several boxes were not available. From all indications Bilbo leads all others two to one. Russell also leads. H. C. Yawn goes ahead by a good majority for State Senator. For other state officers there seems to be no great lead for any one.

Child Badly Hurt in Fall.

Meridian.—The 2-year-old daughter of S. M. Bailey, of Marion, fell from the second-story porch of Mr. Bailey's store on Aug. 3 and was seriously injured. The child's head struck a brick on the ground, which caused concussion of the brain. Grave fears are entertained for its recovery.

Close in Monroe County.

Aberdeen.—Official returns of Monroe give Rely 1,394, Bilbo 1,378, Quin 23, Stovall 93, Tally 141.

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131 OT. UTHPRO YTSEKRES ATLANTA, GA.

A Paper 61 Years Old.

The BEACON lately received a paper—the New York Sun—which was printed 61 years ago.

Franklin Pierce was President then, and the Sun declared that his administration a failure.

The Crimean war was in progress then and the Russians were retreating—been at it ever since, perhaps, which is why they do it so readily in these days.

A hotel man advertises lodgings for twelve and a half cents a night. Must have had half one cent pieces when the Sun was published.

One of an Arctic exploring party writes of a forest that was so charged with electricity that, when the wind struck it, the trees sent forth thousands of sparks, which made the place look like it was inhabited by millions of lightning bugs.

They also discovered, among other things, two different kinds of moss—out of one of which they made bread and used the other for smoking tobacco. The bread would be a good thing for this country if there were not so many people here now trying to live without work.

Appropos of the Arctic exploring party, an old timer tells the BEACON the following: Once upon a time—not so many years ago—a fakir hit upon this scheme to raise the wind: As he was neither married nor a candidate, and it wasn't raining, his landlady suggested, not so mildly that he might find a job if he looked for it. She had never heard of a job pulling a man out of bed to accept it, although several boarders who were anywhere from five to seventeen weeks behind had tried to convince her to the contrary.

Well, this was the fakir's scheme to "get by." The first page of the papers was filled with articles about the manners, customs and habits of the Arctic, the flora and fauna, etc., of that country. This, in addition to the fact that jobs were plenty and wages high, made the fakir's task comparatively easy. Opportunity was knocking at his door. He seized it.

Having obtained permission of the foreman, he entered a room where 500 workmen were being paid off. He had two trays. On one of which was what appeared a large sponge; on the other a bunch of poppyd pop corn. This was the fakir's "spiel":

"Here you are, gentlemen! Here you are! The Arctic Morning Glory. In the tray on my left is the plant before blooming; in the tray on my right is the plant after blooming? Now is the time to buy. Secure one of these rare beauties when the usher passes around. (The fakir used to travel with a circus.) The Arctic Morning Glory, the Arctic Morning Glory—ain't it a beauty, a rare plant brought from that bleak region at great expense by Dr. Kane. Everybody has heard of Dr. Kane, or if they haven't, they will. Why, gentlemen, in addition to the rare qualities possessed by this beautiful flower, observe, if you please, the delicate tints of the color, in addition, gentlemen, to the exquisite perfume, this exquisite plant has absorbed some of [the temperature of the Arctic region, so that, gentlemen, for the insignificant, paltry, I am almost ashamed to mention it, sum of \$2.50, by taking away a part of this magnificent flower, you can have any degree of cold desired. Think of it, gentlemen, a portable ice-house, so to speak, for the miserably sum, I blush to say it, of \$2.50. Why, gentlemen, think of the saving of wood and coal. That alone is worth the price of admission. It's like buying the United States Mint for

25 cents. Yes, sir; here's your change. Sold again and got the tin—now's the time for another su—gentleman to but in. Two for you. All right, sir. Here's your change. Remember, the plant never dies and the perfume is everlasting."

Well, in a short time he had cleaned up about \$300 and a ticket to Chicago.

"Say, fellows," the fakir said to a gang who were drinking at his expense, "one is born every minute, you know, but in this case the incubator was working overtime, and there were many incubators."

"Three cheers for the Merning Arctic Glory," said the fakir. And the gang yelled.

"Say, Bill," said a purchaser of a Morning Glory, "what kind of 'dope' is this I've got?"

"One of them," said Bill, who was expert on plants, "is just a common, ordinary sponge and the other is just a common, ordinary bunch of popcorn."

"And I'm just a common, ordinary d—d fool," replied the victim.

"Looks that way to a man up a tree," said Bill.

And then they adjourned and violated the Prohibition law, but not at Bill's expense.

The Memphis Commercial Appeal says that Richmond P. Hobson knows it all. No, he doesn't know it all, but merely talks it all, whether he knows it or not.—Houston Post.

NOTICE

Sealed bids are invited on Monday, September 6, 1915, at 2 p. m. for the furnishing of supplies for convicts for month of Sept., 1915. Supplies to be delivered to convict overseer as called for at Macon, Miss.

Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. By order of Board of Supervisors, this Aug. 6th, 1915. JNO. A. TYSON, Chancery Clerk By W. O. BARNES, Jr. D. C.

NOTICE

Sealed bids are invited on Monday, September 6, 1915, for the furnishing of supplies for County Home for September, 1915. Board of Supervisors reserves the right to reject any or all bids submitted.

By order of Board of Supervisors, this Aug. 6th, 1915. JOHN A. TYSON, Chancery Clerk.

Notice, Bidders.

On or before September 1, 1915, the Board of Education of the Macon schools will receive bids for the following supplies for the season of 1915-16:

1 Dozen Brooms.
20 Gallons Disinfectant Oil.
1 Barrel Floor Oil.
Half-Dozen Mops.
4 Dozen Boxes Dusters Crayons.
2 Dozen Noiseless Erasers.
8 Teachers' Class Books.
2 Dozen Window Shades.
1 Gross Chicago Flash Top Inkwell.
6 Quarts Carter's Writing Fluid.
Address all bids to F. E. CARLETON, Secretary.

CITATION NOTICE.

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
To the Estate of In the Chancery Court of Noxubee County, Mississippi.
Jesse Raleigh Heinaman, County, Mississippi.
To the following non-residents of the State of Mississippi, the postoffice address of each being as follows: Hogan Gist, Lexa, Ark.; Mary Blanche Gist, Lexa, Ark.; and Chas. Heinaman Gist, Helena, Ark.:
We command you to be and appear before the executor named herein, at his office in the court house, in the county of Macon, in said county of Noxubee, at 10 o'clock a. m., on
The First Monday in September, 1915,
then and there to show cause why the testimony of the subscribing witnesses to the proposed will of Jesse Raleigh Heinaman, now on file with the undersigned, bearing date June 28th, 1910, viz.: John T. Clark and Clark Hill, should not be taken to establish the same, and also to show cause why said proposed will should not be admitted to probate and record, and letters testamentary granted thereon to Raleigh Brewer, Sr., the executor nominated therein.
[SEAL] Witness my hand and official seal at office in Macon, Miss., this August 4th, 1915. JOHN A. TYSON, Chancery Clerk of Noxubee County, Miss.

NOTICE.

Bids will be received for the grading of the Macon and Fairfield road, at the termination of the Rock road, at two o'clock Tuesday, after the first Monday in September, 1915, said bids to be made on the basis of per cubic yard for the first 50 feet haul; 2nd, a thousand yards haul; and, third, one mile haul—the dirt to be dumped and spread under the direction of the engineer. The Commissioners reserving the right to terminate the contract when the money shall have been expended that is now on hand. A certified check of \$25.00 must accompany each bid. Bids to be filed with John A. Tyson, Chancery Clerk, the Commission reserving the right to reject any and all bids.
(Signed) J. L. ORMSBY, JR.
W. R. BUSH, Jr.
Commissioners of District No. 2, Noxubee County, Mississippi.